

LASHBACK

serving the Past for the Future

Volume 48

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Number 2



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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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Membership is invited of those interested in the preservation of Washington County's history. Dues are \$15 annually. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received any time for special projects. Members are mailed *Flashback* every quarter. Past issues cost \$5 each, current year's issues, \$4 each.



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Cover photo: These Union troops were some of the soldiers in the Battle of Fayetteville April 18, 1863. Many people think the officer on the horse at the left is Albert Webb Bishop who later became the second president of Arkansas Industrial University. *Photograph from Washington County Historical Society photo files in Shiloh Museum of the Ozarks, Springdale.*

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FLASHBACK is published and mailed four times a year—the first week in February, May, August, and November. Articles for *Flashback* should be submitted 60 days before the publishing date of each issue. Acceptable articles will be published in the next available issue, provided there is space.

COPY to be printed in *Flashback* may be submitted in one of several ways: 1) furnished on computer disc, preferably in WordPerfect for either Macintosh or a PC, 2) by e-mail to the editor at [dschaefer@comp.uark.edu] or [DES32@aol.com], or 3) cleanly typed copy that can be optically scanned. Text copy, photos, and artwork are all assembled on a computer. We welcome letters or e-mail messages that tell us of planned articles or inquire about Society activities.

The GAZETTE Reports on “THE FUSS AT FAYETTEVILLE”

by David R. Malone

Washington County was in an uproar during the summer of 1839. Violence was common. In the Cane Hill area, organized “regulators” were searching door to door for—and would eventually hang—the alleged murderers of the Wright family (see, “The Wright Murders” by J.P. Neal and “The Year of Murders” by A.W. Arrington in Vol. 6, #6 of *Flashback*, see also, “The Cane Hill Murders” by David R. Malone in Vol. 47, #4 and Vol. 48, #1 of *Flashback*). In Indian Territory, just west of Washington County, the dispute between the Ridge and Ross Parties led to the murder of three members of the Ridge or Treaty Party, one of them in Washington County. (See, *Arkansas Gazette*, July 3, 1839, and Littlefield, Daniel F., Jr. and Underhill, Lonnie E., “Fort Wayne and the Arkansas Frontier, 1838-1840,” 35 *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 334-59)

In Fayetteville, Willis S. Wallace was charged with the murder of John Currie on July 14, 1839. At the May, 1839, term of court, Wallace had been acquitted of a charge of murder of Nelson Orr during a dispute which occurred in Fayetteville as Cherokees on the trail of tears passed through town. (See, “The Arrington and Wallace War” by James P. Neal in Vol. 6, #6 of *Flashback*). After his second violent killing, the release on bond of Willis Wallace led many citizens to demand stronger action. The confrontation between citizens and Wallace supporters, complete with cannon and arms distributed from the arsenal at Fayetteville, has been summarized before. (See, “Arrington and Wallace War” by James P. Neal, *supra* and the “Story of Alfred W. Arrington,” Vol.

14 *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 320-322). The full story has not been told, nor has the personal confrontation between Alfred W. Arrington and his detractors been detailed. The best source of information about this confrontation are the accounts which appeared in the *Arkansas Gazette*. The first appeared August 28, 1839:

A fuss at Fayetteville - We received a letter from a friend at the west, the other day, stating that considerable disturbance had taken place at Fayetteville, in consequence of an attempt by about 200 persons residing in Washington county, to take an individual who had been bound over to stand his trial for killing another. These were resisted by a party of the citizens, who fortified themselves, and prepared to stand siege, rather than surrender the individual sought for. The assailants got possession of the cannon, which was taken from them and spiked by the beseiged [sic], and the affair terminated without bloodshed. This is the amount of what we learn by the letter, which is not very explicit. We wish some friend at Fayetteville would give us a full and fair account of the matter, so that we may understand all about it. *Arkansas Gazette*.

About a month later "Veritas" responded to the editor's request:

For the *Arkansas State Gazette*.

Mr. Horton - In your paper of the 28th, August, you published an article in relation to a "fuss at Fayetteville," on the authority of a letter from a friend, and requested that a statement of facts be furnished to you for publication; the facts in relation to that "fuss" are as follows.

The affray which caused the excitement in question occurred in this town on Sunday, the 14th day of July last, and grew out of an attempt on the part of some of the citizens of the town, to run off some gamblers, who had been playing cards in public view on

that day. They were caused to leave without any harshness whatever being used towards them. Out of this affair, an hour or two afterwards an affray took place in which a man by the name of John Currie was killed, and another, Mr. L.D. Pollock, was wounded by Willis S. Wallace. We will not give a detail of that enforcement transaction; too much has already been said and done, to control public sentiment and influence a judicial investigation. As citizens we believe we would be doing injustice to the country and to the accused, to make statements in advance of a trial by an unbiased [sic] and unprejudiced jury; you will simply give a detail of facts as they exist, subsequent to the main occurrence. On the next day an inquest was held upon the body by two justices of the peace, and the jury returned that "he came to his death by a pistol shot by Willis S. Wallace." The friends of the deceased employed A.W. Arrington, Esq. to aid in the prosecution of Wallace and those who were in his company when Currie was killed. He called upon the two justices who held the inquest to issue a warrant for Wallace's apprehension, they excused themselves because they each had a brother in law already employed in the defence [sic], and requested that he could apply to some other. Arrington and Wagnon (Currie's brother in law, and the person whose indiscretion caused the affray) left town in order to get a justice to act upon the case. After they had left, Wallace went to the two justices who held the inquest, and submitted himself into their custody, and requested that they would act upon his case. He had never left town, nor been out of the way, and had already employed counsel preparatory to making a legal defence [sic].

Though the justices might have excused themselves from issuing a warrant, they had no right to refuse to take the submission; they received him into their custody, made up their opinion from the written

testimony taken down at the inquest, at which all parties and their counsel were present, and from their views of the law and the testimony they decided the case to be a bailable offence, and held him to bail in a bond of ten thousand dollars to appear at the next circuit court, etc. The justices were alone when they made up their opinion, no influence whatever, directly or indirectly, was exercised to affect their judgment. A reflecting man would have expected that after what had been done, that the matter would have awaited quietly the final decision of the proper tribunal. As a good citizen, however he might differ in opinion with the decision already pronounced; but would have submitted and endeavored to correct the error according to law. But this was not the case. Arrington endeavored to obtain a warrant against Wallace, disregarding what had already been done; he applied to the judge of the circuit court, who inspected the proceedings and pronounced them legal, and refused to issue a warrant for that reason. He became enraged against every officer in the community; he traveled over the country charging corruption, and bribery against them, and used every means in his power to create prejudice and excitement, not only against Wallace, who had the right as a citizen to expect a fair and unbiassed [sic] decision of his case, and not only against the officers who had a right to expect that when they had conscientiously done their duty, their acts would not be infringed; but he charged a combination and a league upon the citizens of the town - and appealed to every prejudice that ever existed, to every passion that could be aroused among the people who were uninformed as to the facts for the purpose of arraying the people of the country against those of the town. He told them that Wallace's investigation was but a farce, and was null and void that the officers to whom he had applied to issue a warrant against him were base, and would not do their duty—that there

were a set of men in Fayetteville who looked upon the people as subject to their influence, and believed that they could act with impunity. About two weeks after Wallace was bailed, Arrington had the effrontery to come up to the man whom he had done so much injustice, by striving to prejudice the people against him and prevent a fair and impartial trial, and asked what Wagnon had said in a conversation which had just taken place between him and Wallace. Wallace answered, that he said that Arrington had written out a statement, and made him swear to it, when he did not know whether it was true or false. From this a quarrel ensued between them. Wallace told him what he thought of his conduct, but assured him he would offer him no violence. That evening, or next morning (Thursday or Friday), he left town, commenced riding and sending his emissaries through the country, calling upon the people to rise and help him execute the laws, that Wallace stood out in defiance of law, and refused to be taken, that he himself, for advocating the cause of the people, had been surrounded to be massacred. No doubt he had reflected upon his conduct, and his fears were greater than his baseness, and he believed if he could have Wallace and one or two others killed, he could feel more secure. No threats, however, had been made against him; and we believe no injury was every intended to be offered him. All were willing that he should appear and prosecute, and do all he could to effect a conviction. The affair at Cane Hill had taken place on the Monday previous, and he thought the public mind ripe for any deed of rashness; but he was mistaken. By Saturday morning he had collected together about one hundred orderly and good citizens, who believed his statements, and were willing to act so far as their conduct should be sanctioned by law. They had been told that he had a warrant, and wished them to help him execute it. On that morning Mr. Wallace and a friend started to ride

eight or ten miles in the country, not having received any intimation of Arrington's movements, he suspected nothing. He met twenty five or thirty armed men who told him he must go back with them, that they intended to take him. He demanded their authority, told them that a child authorized could take him, but if they had no warrant they might kill him, but could not take him; that if they attempted to use arbitrary means he would sell his life as dearly as possible, and that when he should be killed, enough of them would be laying around him to make them regret the imprudent course they were pursuing. They made no attempt to take him, and he returned to town, and they went to a school house about four miles from town, where they were to meet the balance of their party; a number left them after they found that Wallace would submit to civil process. When Wallace returned to town, he and ten or twelve other fortified themselves in his grocery house, well armed; and about twelve o'clock Arrington and his company came in at different sides of the town simultaneously, and marched with guns at a present towards Wallace's house. Wallace came to the door, and told them that he intended to abide by the laws of the country, that if they had a warrant, any man among them could take him; if they had none, he defied all "mobs." Arrington gave the word "charge and shoot," which was not obeyed. A number of the assailants, finding they were deceived, and the rest seeing the determined spirit of Wallace and his friends, retreated into the court house. Some demanded of Arrington his warrant; he had none! A justice of the peace came and proposed to issue one, and also execute it, if no other person would do it. Arrington answered, every man had a warrant in his own hands, against so base a murderer. The citizens of the town had taken no part in the matter, they went to his company and stated facts to them; a number of his party became satisfied that his motive

was not to execute the law, but was something else; they fell off from him, and they broke up without any farther effort. He got as many as he could to meet him again at their council house (the school house) where he harangued them, and kept the country agitated for a week or two longer. Some proposed setting the town on fire, and burning all up together, which caused the other parties to guard themselves and their property. On the Sunday after Arrington and his "mob" had been in Fayetteville, a council was held, at which it was determined that the Cherokee Indians should be brought in requisition for the purpose of capturing Wallace and delivering him over to the "mob," and laying waste the town; and Arrington and Wagnon actually went to the nation to make arrangements with the Indians for the purpose and would probably have succeeded in procuring some assistance, had it not been for the interference of some respectable gentlemen, residents of the nation, who had too much regard for the welfare of the country to see the savage cross the line with hostile intentions for the gratification of any individual. A committee was appointed in behalf of the citizens of the town, who issued an address contradicting the false rumors that had been propagated, and also adding that Wallace was willing to waive the further trial and submit his case to a re-investigation for the purpose of quieting the public mind. No movement was made by Arrington or his friends towards a re-investigation of the case, but they seemed to be influenced by a spirit of infatuation, and desired only to get their victim into their hands.

Several disinterested citizens proposed that Wallace be again taken into custody, and that justices from different part of the county, and who lived aloof from the excitement, should re-investigate the matter; his counsel agreed to it & a warrant was consequently issued upon an affidavit which Arrington had pre-

pared and had caused to be sworn to by Wagon. The Sheriff took Wallace into custody, a day was set for the investigation, and Arrington was informed that he could appear and prosecute; he refused to come. On the day of trial, the proceeding of the formal trial were produced. Wallace, by his counsel, said he was willing to waive the investigation, and called upon the attorney for the State to relieve the liability of his securities upon the bail-bond. The attorney, answered, that he believed the proceeding were legal; that as attorney for the State he could not, nor was it in his power to cancel the bail bond, but that it belonged to the files of the Clerk's Office, and must remain as security for Wallace's appearance at court. The justices decided that if they investigated the case, all parties must agree and Mr. Wallace was consequently discharged. The attorney for the State was here all the time, and he as much as any other man deprecated Arrington's course of conduct.

Arrington's whole course of conduct shows one instigated by motives of disorder, hatred, and malice. He refused to receive a warrant when the justice proposed to issue one on the day he and his company came to take Wallace; his refusal to appear and prosecute when a re-investigation was agreed to, to quiet the excitement which he had raised, proves in every thinking man that his motives were not those that should accuate the conduct of him "who stood up to advocate the cause of the people," and who wanted to see the law executed. Since the second discharge of Mr. Wallace we have heard of no further violent indications. Wallace did fortify himself against those who strove to exercise arbitrary power over him, and a number of citizens, both of town and country, who oppose the triumphant reign of "mobocracy," did volunteer with him, not so much to defend in his right of a legal trial, as to support and sustain the laws of the country, and to protect the property of their fellow

townsmen, which had been threatened with indiscriminate destruction. It is for resisting high handed and arbitrary means, it is for protecting the property of their fellow citizens from destruction, it is for supporting and sustaining the laws of the country, sustaining the right of trial by jury against the rash judgments of a mob, that men whose conduct through life has been correct, who have been honored with the respect, esteem, and confidence of their fellow citizens, against whose characters no charge whatever founded in truth, the least affected by dishonor, can be alleged, are branded as murderers, and robbers, connected and associated with a band of out-laws, villains [sic] who have for years carried on their high handed and systematic operations.

We will now give a short sketch of this Alfred W. Arrington, in order to freshen the memory of the public in relation to him, and that the world may judge whether he has lived a life of irreproachable rectitude, whether there are no "dark" shades impressed upon his character, which would raise a blush upon the cheek of honor. When but a youth he connected himself with a religious denomination, and became one of their ministers; he bid fair to become a pattern for pulpit eloquence, and an ornament to the church to which he belonged. It is said that he turned infidel, and became as famous for the conversion of his associates to that doctrine, as he was for his conversion to the Christian religion. He returned to the church, was again authorized to preach; he came to Arkansas and married, he then went to Missouri, and in the year 1833 or 4 he again forgot the high functions of his office, the holy calling which he had espoused; he disregarded the obligations of his own marriage vows, and the sacred purity of another's bed; he became involved in an adulterous intrigue with another man's wife, and agreed to elope with her, and leave his own partner to the charity of those who had befriended

him. He was detected and exposed while preparing to elope; was disgraced, and published in the newspapers. He returned to Arkansas, and after joining and quitting several religious denominations, he finally quit preaching and commenced the study of the law. About twelve months since he obtained a license to practise [sic], and settled in this place. In consequence of his talents, and a belief that he would properly conduct himself in his new vocation, a number of our most influential citizens, a part of whom are branded by him as murderers and robbers, were willing to overlook his early indiscretions, and gave him their patronage and support. All seemed willing to bury his former errors in oblivion, and were anxious for his success, and he was obtaining a fair proportion of business. His wavering and unbalanced mind cannot bear prosperity. The first opportunity that offered, he turned against those who were most influential in sustaining him, and now brands them with the epithets of thieves, robbers, and murderers. Such is the man who has caused this excitement. The facts are as they are above stated. We leave it to a just and discriminating public to say who is to blame. VERITAS
Arkansas Gazette, September 25, 1839.

For good measure, the *Gazette* also reprinted the following from the *Booneville (Mo.) Herald*:

REV. ALFRED W. ARRINGTON

This singular and deluded man was ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, by Bishop Roberts, at Indianapolis, in the State of Indiana, on the 9th day of October, 1831, and commenced the ministry. In a few months, however, he apostatized, embraced infidelity, surrendered his parchment, withdrew from the church, and retired to Arkansas, where he figured for a short time. But his restless spirit finding no resting place, he soon recanted his apostacy

[sic], and by letter applied to conference to be re-instated; the humble penitent aspect of that letter, imposed on the conference, and they re-instated him, and transferred him to the Missouri conference, and he commenced preaching in or near Little Rock, Territory of Arkansas, and in September last the Missouri conference appointed him to the Boon's Lick circuit, in the State of Missouri, and he proceeded forthwith to the place of destination; but his character preceded him; doubts and fears agitated the public mind; on his arrival all was expectation, all anxious to hear the new preacher; nor were they kept long in suspense; a feast of intellect was spread, his audience were mostly crowded, and all were enraptured with his eloquence; soon, however, a fearful foreboding pervaded some minds, that all was not right, and those with whom he resided became satisfied that good of souls was a matter that did not interest him. He continued, however, to preach and amuse the multitude till about the middle of December. On the 13th instant he removed his wife to the house of a brother some distance in the country; on his return to this place, he attempted to borrow money from sundry persons, and finally succeeded in borrowing twenty dollars from a gentleman in Fayette, with a part of which he purchased a pistol, and returned to Franklin. On the 15th, it being Sabbath, he preached once in the old, and once in the new town of Franklin. On that evening, when the villagers were at preaching, he was detected in an attempt (it is believed), to elope with a married woman of this village, upon which he repaired to the house of our class leader, surrendered his parchment, confessed his fault, and early the next day made his exit; he has since been heard of on his way towards Arkansas, with his unhappy wife, heaping unmerited abuse on all behind, and glorying in his own shame. See certificate below.

Said Arrington is about six feet high, square shoul-

ders, high cheek bones, sallow complexion, fair hair, his eyes nearly white, looks wild, gesticulations, when preaching, harsh and uncouth.

A METHODIST.

New Franklin, (Mo.), Dec. 25th, 1833.

I do hereby certify, that about eight o'clock straight, on the 15th instant, I was called on by the Rev. Alfred W. Arrington, in company with brother R.S. Lverage, who stated that he wished to speak to me privately; we therefore retired to a private room; he then told me that he wished to withdraw from the church, and assigned for reason, that an affair had just taken place that would disqualify, and forever debar him from preaching the Gospel, and, if known, would expel him from the church. I demanded of him the nature of that transaction, upon which he stated, that he had an illicit intercourse with a married woman for several weeks, that he was detected by her husband, drove from the house, and when in the street turned on his pursuer, drew his pistol and fired, though not with intent to kill, upon which the parties separated. He farther told me, that he had been a debaucher from his fourteenth year. HEZEKIAH SHUGART

Class Leader.

New Franklin, Dec. 25, 1833.

We, the undersigned, have no hesitation in stating that we believe the above statement and certificate to be true.

J. GREEN, P. Elder.

J.W. WILLIAMS, and

H.L. BOON,

Minister of the Methodist E. Church.

The report of the committee of Fayetteville citizens apparently appeared in the *Ozark (Mo.) Standard*. This was the report which Veritas said contradicting the false rumors. As we shall later see, Veritas wrote the report, and, except for the personal "sketch" of Arrington, the

report was identical to the letter sent to the *Gazette* by Veritas. Arrington sought to reply to the report but his efforts were not favorably received by the *Standard*. The *Arkansas Gazette*, on December 11, 1839, reprinted the following item (at the request of Washington County residents) from that newspaper:

THE FAYETTEVILLE MOB.

We have received a communication from Arrington in relation to the late publication in the "Standard," by the citizens of Fayetteville giving an account of the transactions attending the late melancholy tragedy. He claims admission into our columns to repel the charges made against him in the publication alluded to. He appeals to our sense of justice to allow him a place to vindicate himself. This appeal, under ordinary circumstances, we could not resist. Nor could we expect in a aggravated case, deny the privilege of using our column to repel a charge made through the same medium. But this case is no common one. In refusing him admission, let us examine the ground upon which we justify our denial. First, what is the character of the Man? We would not wish to make an unprovoked attack upon the fame of any man—much less a man whom we have never seen, and who has never injured us, but it is necessary to justify ourselves for refusing his communication, to state a few facts. In the transaction in question, he headed a lawless mob, and without a warrant, or the least shadow of civil authority, attempted the arrest of an individual who had infringed upon the laws of his country. No matter what might have been the course pursued by the friends of the offender, nothing could justify the conduct of Arrington, in heading a mob to effect his arrest. Nor could the accused be censured for refusing to submit to the tender mercies of mob law. - Apart from this objection, to the character of Arrington, we have seen in the public prints certification of men of

the first standing and respectability, testifying to facts, which place a brand upon his name of foul dishonor. We deem it unnecessary to republish the certificates mentioned, nor should we have recurred to them had he not appealed to "our sense of justice" for admission into our columns. There are many signatures appended to this production, and, were not the circumstances such as they are, we should feel bound, in justice to the accused, to publish it. He takes some exception to the signatures appended to the Fayetteville document wherein he is accused of "high handed" measures. They are all men of the first respectability in Fayetteville; and therefore we do not feel warranted to question their veracity or honor. With these remarks we conclude—excluding, of course, Mr. Arrington's production.

In the meantime, the trial was held and the outcome of the charges against Wallace were reported in the *Arkansas Gazette*. The regular Prosecuting Attorney, not Arrington, prosecuted the case. Significantly, Wallace was represented by all of the established attorneys practicing in Fayetteville, including William S. Oldham, who, as we shall see, was the mysterious "Veritas." The report also appeared December 11, 1839:

The State v. Willis S. Wallace - This case, which has caused much excitement in Washington County, was decided before the circuit court of that county, on the 25th, Judge Tully, presiding. He was indicted for manslaughter in killing John Curry. The jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty of manslaughter as charged in the indictment, but guilty of excusable homicide."

Atty for the State, Evans, Pros. Atty; Atty for the defendant, Walker, Oldham, Sneed, and Reagan.

Arrington was finally able to get his version of the

events printed in the *Little Rock Arkansas Star* (a Whig newspaper), and also attracted a editorial in the *Ozark (Mo.) Standard* attacking the lawless nature of Washington County. We know this because William S. Oldham revealed himself to be Veritas, and published his final word on the subject in the April 8, 1840, edition of the *Arkansas Gazette*.

For the Gazette

The mail of last evening brought to this place the "Arkansas Star" of the 19th, inst., five columns of which team [sic] with a tissue of falsehood, slander, and abuse, from the pen of A. W. Arrington. The communication which it pretends to answer was written by myself. That gave nothing but a simple detail of facts concluding with Arrington's character certified by men living out of the reach of the excitement created by him, and long before it originated. I do not intend to reply to Arrington—he is too far sunk beneath the lowest depths of contemptible insignificance, to merit the notice of even a midnight cut throat. I should not have noticed his article, but for the editorial of the "Star" apologizing for admitting it in its columns, pretending "that Arrington had been severely attacked through the columns of a newspaper printed in Little Rock, and another paper in Missouri," etc.

During the last summer, the "Ozark Standard," the newspaper in Missouri, in an editorial article founded upon rumor, propagated by the minions of Arrington, charged the citizens of this place generally, with being "cold blooded murderers, connected with a gang of thieves and robbers upon the line, who carried on a systematic and high handed villainy, in defiance of law," etc., etc. Upon a proper representation of the facts in relation to the excitement in this county, the editors magnanimously withdrew their charges, and requested a detailed statement of facts, over the signa-

tures of citizens of this place. In compliance with that request, and in defence [sic] of myself, as a citizen of Fayetteville, I wrote the article in question, which, with the exception of the "sketch from private life," was published by that paper over the signature of myself and a number of other citizens. The editor of the Gazette called upon some friend to give him a statement of the matter. A gentleman who had possession of the paper prepared for the "Standard," without my knowledge at the time, copied it and sent it to the Gazette. I then approved of what he did, and again I reiterate the contents of that communication.

The Star is "well aware that Arrington was severely attacked, but knows not the merits of the controversy," when that attack is but a statement of the merits of the controversy itself. The "Star," I have the charity to believe, would not have polluted its columns with such an outrage upon decency, if the document had not received a passport from certain Whig nominees for the legislature in this county, brought out by the recommendation of that creature, and who thought it might help their hopeless cause. Verily, "the end justifies the means."

Two charges Arrington insinuates against me, which I deem it necessary to repel. He asks, "what lofty motive prompted him," (meaning myself) "to throw a rock at poor Currie, when assaulted by the merciless mob." I answer, that the act and lofty motive which prompted it, never had an existence, until they sprung from that reservoir of filth and dirt, from whose polluted fountain nothing but hypocrisy and the drugs and foul outpourings of slander and vituperation ever emanated. The charge was never before heard or thought of. Even his recruiting sergeant in his campaign against Wallace's grocery, who was a witness upon Wallace's trial, and saw the whole affair through the two brick walls of the court-house, did not say so in his testimony. No man ever before heard that

I was in any way engaged in that unfortunate transaction.

The other charge is that "I am the owner of a mill built by Currie in his life time, and which is not yet paid for." I am the owner of a saw mill which Currie built for me in his life time, and which was not completed at his death, on which I have paid six hundred and forty dollars, and twenty five cents, and am now owing a note for fifty nine dollars and seventy five cents, for the balance, which has never been presented since I gave the note, but which I am always ready to pay. These are the only statements made by him, that everybody who knows me does not know to be false.

Arrington challenges me to the production of certificates and affidavits to sustain my charges against him! Me to produce certificates and affidavits to sustain my charges against a vile reptile, a disgrace to humanity, because moulded [sic] in her form! Does he want stronger certificates to my "sketch from private life?" Were not the facts of his campaign in the war against the grocery vouched for by a number of respectable men; when published in the "Ozark Standard?" Surely he has never seen those "glittering weapons of logic and rhetoric."

I have now done with Arrington and all his future publications. The public have no interest or concern in such things. I should not now even have noticed him, but for the reasons already stated, and that my silence might not be attributed to a wrong cause, some other than my indefinable contempt for the soulless insignificant being, whose only weapons are his malicious tongue and poisoned pen, with which he indiscriminately hurls the venomous shafts of his rabid and morbid hate upon all that do not join in his hue and cry. Where I shall have assumed the high calling of a preacher of the gospel of Christ, the more completely to debase human nature; when I shall have forgotten

my social and domestic obligations in the lowest depths of debauchery, while wearing the hypocritical mask of Christian meekness and purity; when I shall raise a mob to take a man out of the hands of the laws of my country, to glut my private revenge; when I shall become an outlaw against my country; when I shall raise a meeting, and resolve to resist the execution of process issued against me, upon an indictment found by a grand jury, and to murder the sheriff if he should attempt to execute it; resolve to rescue those who might be taken at the risk of life; in short, when I shall become a mass of moral putrescence, beneath the dignity of men or devils, I shall become the equal of Arrington, fit compeer to wrangle with him upon points of veracity, honor, glory, and noble bearing. All this he is. I cannot descend to the contest. This he may call "a sketch from private life," if he choose. Publicly I shall never again notice him; privately, I will not, unless he thrust himself in my path. Where he and I are known, I have no need of a contest with him. His malicious shafts can harm me not.

"An honest, upright man will not asperse me, and no other can."

W S OLDHAM

Fayetteville, 25th March, 1840.

Willis Wallace's brother also sent material for publication by the *Arkansas Gazette* of April 8, 1840:

Fayetteville, Ark., March 26, 1840.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

SIR - In the *Arkansas Star* of the 19th inst., over the signature of A.W. Arrington, I am charged, as clerk of the Grand Jury, of refusing to take down the material part of the testimony of some witnesses. Does not any man of ordinary legal information know, that I could avail my brother nothing, as the testimony had to come before the court in a few days on the final

trial of the case? But to show how reckless the man is, and what credit should be given to his charge against me, I send you the certificate of the Grand Jury, which you will please give a place in your paper. I will further state, that I did not take any part in the deliberations of the case whatever, further than to ask the witnesses a question or two; that I did not vote for or against the passage of the bill. A. WALLACE

We, the Grand Jury, in and for the county of Washington, State of Arkansas, at the November term, 1839, do hereby certify, that A. Wallace, one of our body, who acted as Clerk, made a true record of the evidence as deposed, and read it over to the witnesses at least twice, and made all alterations and amendments that were suggested by the witness. That all the witnesses in the case of the State vs. W.S. Wallace, were at the time apparently perfectly satisfied, and we verily believe the testimony as taken down, to be the precise sum and substance of the testimony as deposed.

JAMES M. TUTTLE, Foreman of the Grand Jury,	
JOHN RUTHERFORD,	JACOB CARTWRIGHT,
JOHN B. WEBSTER,	JAMES BRANDON,
DENNIS CALLAHAN,	B. S. BRIXEY,
SAMUEL WILSON, Jun.,	ARTHUR DILLINGHAM,
JOHN BILLINGSLEY	N. D. GAY,
JEREMIAH RIDDLE,	THOMAS McGARRAH,
THOMAS SMITH,	ALFRED DOBBS,
NATHANIEL BURDEN,	DAVID M. MOORE,
GEORGE LEWIS.	

With this report, the *Gazette* completed its coverage of "the fuss at Fayetteville." The central character, Alfred Arrington, continued to be a controversial figure throughout his years in Washington County. He continued to practice law in Washington County with his partner, John Costa, and with a law firm from Van Buren. In 1842, he was elected to the General Assembly on the Whig ticket.

Interestingly, two of his fellow legislators from Washington County were his old enemy, William Oldham, and David Walker, one of Willis Wallace's attorneys. Arrington served only one term but his eloquence attracted attention—the *Gazette*, at that time a Whig newspaper, printed his impassioned speech about the State Bank on page one of its April 12, 1843, edition, and announced that it would publish any speech of Arrington that it could lay hands on. Arrington left Arkansas for the Republic of Texas in 1844, where he eventually became a judge. Hallum says in his *Biographical and Pictorial History of Arkansas* that he left Arkansas with a mistress. His abandoned wife, the former Sarah Conner, daughter of John and Elizabeth Conner of Evansville and later, Farmington, and her four children, Mary, John, Alfred and Annette Elizabeth continued to live in Washington County. (See, Census, Washington County, Ark., 1850). Arrington remarried in New York, and raised a second family while practicing law in Chicago. When he died in 1867, the Bench and Bar of Chicago eulogized him as a brilliant orator, and great lawyer of savage sincerity and utmost integrity. (See *Memorial of Alfred W. Arrington*).

In 1847, Arrington published *Desperadoes of the South-West*, his version of the Cane Hill murders and his critical account of the actions of the “regulators.” The same year, he also published *Duelists and Duelling in the South-West*, highly fanciful accounts of life on the frontier in Arkansas and Texas, which included many references to people, places and events in Washington County. In chapter seven of *Duelists and Duelling*, Arrington tells the story of “Willis S. Wallis and the Fayetteville War.” In Arrington's version of the death of Nelson Orr, Wallis receives a surprisingly sympathetic treatment.

In 1955, State Historian Ted R. Worley wrote “The Story of Alfred W. Arrington” for volume fourteen of the

Arkansas Historical Quarterly. His portrait of Arrington and the *Gazette's* reports of his role in "the fuss at Fayetteville" helps us to understand the historical roots of Washington County. ❖

QUERIES

Emogene Barnes, 875 Southerland Loop, Drasco, AR 72530. I would appreciate any information on my grandfather JOHN H. BARNES, b. 1855, Ill. He was married several times: 1. SARAH SMITH, 2. ALICE WATSON, 3. ?, 4. OLIE or ETLA, 5. MARY J. Children found in census are JOSEPH b. 1875 Texas, CORA b. 1879 Texas, ROBERT b. 1881 Texas, ADA b. 1887, WILEY b. 1890, EZRA b. 1893, WILLIE b. 1896, CLARA b. 1900, FLORA b. 1904, OTIS b. 1907, BURRELL b. 1909. I think JOHN's parents were JOHN BARNES and SARAH ANN HUDSON BARNES SOUTHERN. ROBERT was my grandfather. He died in 1910 near Dyer, Ark. My grandmother moved, and we never knew any of our BARNES family. I would appreciate any information, no matter how small it might seem.

Glynda Ford Ellman, 1710 Oakwood Dr., Troup, TX 75789 wants to connect with anyone who has data on a HUGH H. BLAIR born in ca. 1849 in Tenn. He is the son of NANCY C. BLAIR and two children in his home are ELLA BLAIR and THOMAS BLAIR. I believe he was married to MARY J. COLVILLE, however this isn't proven. My 3rd great uncle lived with H. H. BLAIR family whenever this uncle, ROBERT [ROBINSON] FORD died in 1914. Uncle Robert is age 80 and is survived by a wife and six children at that time. Interred at Hebron Cemetery. This is probably the M. E. church sometimes referred to as Mt. Hebron, in Colville township near Cave Springs, Ark. ❖

The Mobley Family Cave

by Bob Keen

H.S. Mobley was born in Florida in 1869, and while just a boy his family moved to Missouri. As a young man he attended the University of Missouri at Columbia. On a visit to some friends in Springfield, he met Blanche Hamill of St. Louis. H.S. and Blanche were married Christmas Eve, 1891. They made their first home in Evening Shade, Ark. H.S. was manager of a lumber company in Corning, Ark., he later bought and operated a newspaper in Corning. He also continued his education in theology, and from time to time preached at area churches. In 1904 he moved his family to Prairie Grove, Ark., to take charge of the Christian Church.

In 1908, H.S. bought 168 acres of farmland. Part of the land had cliffs and caves. Instead of seeing it as useless as farmland, H.S. saw it had possibilities as a home for his family. There was a large overhang, which he took lumber and in-closed into a large room, it was 78 ft. long, 16 ft. high, and 18 ft. wide. There were other smaller caves that were used for a playroom, workshop, music room, a photography studio, and barns for the animals.

Mrs. Mobley insisted that the



Roe Mobley with first grandson, John Paul Mobley, in the library of the cave home.



This is “Cliff Heights” after rock veneire was added by Mr. Reese.

rooms all have wooden floors, with linoleum covering. Water was supplied by a nearby spring, and it ran in wooden troughs to a cistern, and then into the house. Mrs. Mobley kept her butter and milk cool in the spring house, she also kept two blue racer snakes in the spring house, to eat the mice and bugs. When asked why she didn't just keep cats, she replied, the snakes didn't have an appetite for milk and butter but cats did. Her daughters-in-law refused to fetch milk or butter from the spring house.

After 1915 Edgar Reese, a friend of Harry Mobley the oldest son, came to visit. Mr. Mobley took a liking to the young man and he stayed on with the family. He completely rocked in the cave house, and also made a rock silo that is partially standing today.

The cave house was not just a cave with the front inclosed, there was a lot of work done to it to make it like any other home. They built partitions to separate the



“Cliff Heights” with vertical board siding before it was rocked

bedrooms. They had a piano, a library, living room, and kitchen. These two areas were divided by a chalk line drawn on the floor. When the house was rocked, they also built a large rock fireplace for heat. Mrs. Mobley had a wood burning cookstove and a sink in the kitchen. There were all the comforts of home, as well as a nicely manicured lawn, with lots of flowers and fruit trees. They didn't have a need for a storm cellar. The house was said to have resembled a medieval castle. George, the youngest son, and John Paul, son of Roe and Hester Mobley and the first grandson, were born in the cave house or “Cliff Heights” as Mr. Mobley lovingly called it. The cave house was written about as far away as Chicago and Memphis. The Mobley sons attended school at Apple Hill. Mrs. Mobley was also Sunday School superintendent at Apple Hill on Sundays.

Now that H.S. had his home completed and his family settled in, he was free to pursue a life of service to the

farmers of the county. He traveled for International Harvester Co. and was actively involved with Farmers Union of Arkansas, the Federal Farm Land Bank, and many of the state agricultural colleges. He was a pioneer in establishing the present National Farm Credit system, and was consulted on the subject by both Presidents Taft and Wilson. He was the first president of Arkansas's farmers union, and Southern Agricultural Association. During the early days he was in charge of the Southern Agri Assoc. for the U.S.D.A. and later served on the faculty of the U. of A. While with the I. H. Co., which began in 1916, he worked as a lecturer for the experimental farms in all parts of the country, in every state. He helped establish four junior agricultural colleges in Arkansas—Jonesboro, Monticello, Russellville, and Magnolia—and served as the extension director and acting president of the college at Russellville. Later he became vice president of the Arkansas Farm Bureau and president of the Washington Co. Farm Bureau, at the time it

Photo of the Fifth Sunday Meeting of the Christian Church, at the Mobley Cave. Notice the vertical board siding.



was the largest such county organization in the U.S.

While H.S. Mobley was out helping farmers, Mrs. Mobley was busy keeping the home fires burning and raising five boys and get-



This is Edgar Reese with horses in front of the cave barn and Charlie Mobley with his dog. Mr. Reese worked for the Mobleys and was the one who rocked "Cliff Heights."

ting the farm work done. The Mobley farm was a favorite gathering place for the young people in the area. The Mobley family were popular hosts to parties and things of interest to young and old alike.

Around 1935 the Mobleys had raised the boys, and because the farm was somewhat remote they decided to move into Prairie Grove, leaving the cliff house to the elements. Time has not been kind to the old place. The walls have fallen in. Some of the window casings are still there. The house is not recognizable now, but you can still see the lilies among the weeds, where at one time children were at play. In the winter of 1994 a new family moved into the Mobley cave house, a mother black bear and her cub.

On Christmas Eve 1941, the Mobleys celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary, with all the family in attendance, at their new home on North Ozark Street in Prairie Grove.

The Mobleys had five sons, Harry who married Masie Sammuels, Clayburn who married Marjorie McGrugger, Charlie who married Alma Harden, Roe who married



The Mobley family that lived in the cave home. Front row: Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mobley; back row: Clayburn Mobley, Harry Mobley, George Mobley, Roe Mobley, and Charlie Mobley.

Hester Campbell, and George who married Alpha Mendenhall.

H.S. Mobley died at home, June 6, 1946. Blanche Hamill Mobley died at the Elizabeth Hospital in Prairie Grove, July 18, 1957. They are buried at the Sharp Cemetery, about two miles from the old cave home.

The Mobley farm is now under Grove Lake, but the cave itself is high above the water line, quietly fading into history.

(Special thanks to Mrs. Alma Mobley, who supplied much of the information it took to write this story, and also for the many pictures she so graciously lent. All the pictures in this article were taken by Harry Mobley and developed in a darkroom in the cave home. They tell a story all their own.

Also, special thanks to Bob Besom of the Shiloh Museum of the Ozarks and to the Springdale News Preview.) ❖

PERILS OF RECRUITING IN ARKANSAS

(This account of action during the Civil War took part in Washington County and is taken from pages 495-497 of Vol. XII of *Confederate Veteran*, dated October 1904.)

In a sketch of the services of Capt. Pleasant Buchanan in the Confederate war, J. Mont. Wilson, of Springfield, Mo., gives the following:

"Pleasant H. Buchanan was professor of mathematics in Cane Hill College, Washington County, Ark., when the Confederate war began. When the first call for troops by the State was made a company of the college boys and the surrounding country was at once organized, and Pleasant Buchanan was elected captain, the president of the college serving in the company as a private. It was made one of the companies of Col. Gratiot's Third Regiment of Arkansas State Troops. This regiment took a very active part in the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson Creek, fought on August 10, 1861. Gen. Lyon, the Federal commander, was killed in their front. After the State troops were disbanded, Capt. Buchanan immediately raised another company about September, 1861, and it became Company H, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry. They went into winter quarters at Blake & Black's Mills, near Cross Hollows, Benton County, Ark., with the Third Louisiana and McNair's Regiment from South Arkansas.

"When Gen. Price retreated from Springfield, Mo., before Gens. Curtis and Sigel, his regiment, the Fifteenth Arkansas, was the first to reenforce Gen. Price at Elkhorn Tavern. The battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, was fought a week or two later, early in March, 1862.

"Gen. Price fell back to Boston Mountain, where Gen. Ben McCulloch united his forces with him. They advanced north and gave battle to Gens. Curtis and Sigel

on Pea Ridge, in Benton County. During the fight of the second day Capt. Buchanan, his first lieutenant, Patent Inks, and some of his men penetrated the Federal lines and were captured. They were sent to prison on Johnson's Island. His regiment was transferred with Price's army to Corinth, Miss. After the siege of Corinth, when Gen. Bragg took command of the army, at Tupelo, Miss., he reorganized it and compelled the different regiments to fill all the vacancies of company commissioned officers. When Capt. Buchanan and Lieut. Inks were exchanged in the summer they found themselves without a command.

"They made their way to Northwest Arkansas and attached themselves to Gen. T. C. Hindman's army. Capt. Buchanan fought as a private in Capt. Earl's (Cane Hill) Company, of the Thirty-Fourth Arkansas Infantry, at Prairie Grove. He was slightly wounded in the side, the ball passing through his canteen before it struck him. This was in December, 1862. Gen. Hindman's army fell back to Little Rock, and spent the balance of the winter there. In the spring Capt. Buchanan received a commission from the War Department to raise a cavalry company of Partisan Rangers. He went to Northwest Arkansas about May, I think, and in sixty days had organized about fifty men. He attached his men with Capt. Buck Brown, of Benton County, with the aim of raising a battalion. He began active operations at once against the Federal forces operating from South Missouri and Fort Gibson and numerous scouting and foraging parties through Northern Arkansas, alone or with Capt. Brown or any other Confederate troops, as the occasion required. The company was constantly on the move that summer, and engaged in many fights and skirmishes. On one occasion part of each of Buchanan's and Brown's companies caught a Federal scout going from

Springfield, Mo., to Fort Gibson, Ind. T., killing and wounding a few and capturing the captain of the scout and twenty-two of his men. At another time they charged a Federal scout occupying Fayetteville, losing one man but drove them out of town, capturing the commanding officer and some three or four men. In the fall Col. Brooks's Cavalry Brigade made a raid through Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri. Cpts. Brown and Buchanan joined forces with him and did most of the scouting and picketing for his command. This command started to Cassville, Mo., to capture some Federal supplies. On the way they heard of a large force of Federals, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry, camped just below the Missouri line, guarding a supply train. Col. Brooks's plan was to attack about daylight, so he sent Lieut. Inks with a squad from each of Cpts. Buchanan's and Brown's companies as an advance guard, with instructions to attack vigorously and he would support him at once. We did so, capturing their pickets and fighting their infantry and artillery for an hour. It got so hot that we had to send to Col. Brooks for the support he had promised, and found his command in line behind a fence a mile in our rear. In answer, he sent Capt. Buchanan and his company as infantry to drive them back. He moved quickly, deployed in line of battle, and drove them back into their camp or the field surrounding it. We quietly drew off, and that ended the fight.

"We moved over on War Eagle and King's River, in Madison and Carroll Counties, and came in contact with the Federal Gen. McNeil, who had followed Gen. Joe Shelby out of Missouri on one of his raids up near Springfield. We fought his command for two days continuously. Cpts. Buchanan and Brown were in the rear guard nearly all the time. The next day Col. Brooks

decided to go South for the winter. A part of these two companies were scattered through the country scouting, and did not know of this move till after Col. Brooks's command was south of the Arkansas River.

"Capt. Buchanan intended to complete the organization of his company by electing the other officers the first time we were in camp long enough. When we went into camp in Southern Arkansas we found, with the squads left in Northern Arkansas and some others dropping out on a nine days' and nights' march (as we stopped only long enough for our horses to feed and rest), that he was short of the number required to make a full company and elect a full quota of officers.

"The squads and scouts left in Northwest Arkansas not coming South, as expected, Gen. W. L. Cabell, commanding the division, detailed Capt. Buchanan to take eleven picked men and horses from these two companies and go to Northern Arkansas and bring out these men. His instructions were to avoid all towns, Federal posts, or large bodies of Federals, gather up all the squads or individuals, not to do anything to alarm the Federal posts in the country, and avoid any engagement till across the Arkansas River. This was a very hazardous undertaking, as the Arkansas River was fordable at this season of the year at only a few places, and every dugout, canoe, or boat of any kind had been burned by the Federals, except at large towns, where guards were constantly watching the river. There was a chain of posts on the north side of the river, from Little Rock to Van Buren, and one on the south side from Little Rock, by Arkadelphia, Caddo Gap, and Waldron, to Fort Smith. Every mill and village in Northwest Arkansas had a post, and scouts passing daily. The worst feature was the leaves off the trees and no forage at all in the country, and no meat or bread for the women and children.

"It took a level-headed, cool man, and plenty of nerve back of it, to accomplish this, and that was the very reason Gen. Cabell selected Capt. Buchanan for the important undertaking. We had no trouble till we came near Waldron, forty miles south of the Arkansas River, with a post of one thousand men, and scouts constantly passing between Caddo Gap and Fort Smith. We made a circuit around the town and ran into some outposts that fired on us, but hit no one. We finally struck the Fort Smith road west of Waldron. This all had to be done after night. We aimed to travel till after midnight, and then turn north to the river and cross the first place we could do so without being discovered. We had been riding quietly on this road only two or three hours, when we came on to a Federal scout in a house near the road. They hustled around lively with their guns, and we expected to have hot work in a few seconds; but Capt. Buchanan rode straight up to the house and inquired if it was the military road to Fort Smith, and by his coolness made them believe we were a Federal scout going to Fort Smith. He rode quietly back to us and moved down the road in an ordinary walk till we were out of sight and hearing, when we rode rapidly toward Fort Smith for an hour. An hour or two before daylight we turned off the road and traveled due north by the north star for the river. We reached it, I think, the next night just before day light. Traveling all that night by the north star, we struck the river nearly opposite the mouth of Big Mulberry. We hid our horses in a deep slough that made into the river, fed and rested them, while some of us slept and others reconnoitered the river for a crossing.

"We decided to try it on a bar just above the mouth of Big Mulberry. Just as the sun went down we rode into the river, and made it without getting into swimming water; thence four miles north to the road from Ozark to

Van Buren, through underbrush, brambles, brier thickets, and a very dark night. It did not take long to tear down the telegraph wire and drag it out in the woods in sections. We then took all the roads leading in the direction of Cane Hill, traveling hard to cross the Fayetteville and Van Buren road before daylight, so we could get to Boston Mountain and rest during the day and reach Cane Hill the next night.

"My, how it did rain that day! The drops looked as large as twenty-five-cent pieces. We crossed over the mountain and reached Fola Grays, the first house we dared to approach after crossing the river. We learned that Maj. Wright was in command of a post at Cane Hill, composed of Federal 'Pisi Indians' and negroes. We circled round this place, and all separated, going two and two together to their respective homes, and then began at once to get word to all the scattering men and squads in Benton, Washington, and Madison Counties to be ready to start South on a certain date, our rendezvous to be the Twin Mountains, in Benton County, near the Osage fork of the Illinois River. I went with Capt. Buchanan to his home. His brothers, William and James, were at home on sick leave. They wanted to go South with us, but had no horses, and there were none to be bought in the country, the Federals having taken all.

"We had learned that Maj. Wright's headquarters were at Mr. James Hagood's, and that his horses and some of the other officers' horses were kept in stables about one hundred feet from this house, with a guard near by. The captain decided that we could go down there the night before



we started get their horses, and mount his brothers. So we four went and let the fence down around the lot, but ran onto a guard in the lot; then we had to get away quietly. My sister was at White McClellan's, only a quarter of a mile away, so I went by to tell her 'good-by,' and the captain went with me, as Charlie McClellan was going with us. While there Miss Emma Hagood and Amanda Hinds told that they had tied Maj. Wright's horse to the fence just in the rear of the dwelling where we could get it. I asked the captain if he would allow me to go and get it. So I did, and we all four returned to his mother's and left before daylight, moving out in the barren timber toward Rhea's Mill, and stopped to feed our horses before starting for the Twin Mountains.

"William Rhinehart and Guy Blake, two of the escort, had joined us, and in thirty minutes more we would have been on our way and they would not have been able to come up with us. Our horses all had their bridles off. The captain was lying down on some leaves with a paper over his face. William Buchanan had procured a plug of a horse and James had gotten a mule.

"When I first saw the Federals they were about one hundred yards away, deployed in line. I called to the boys, and each one sprang to his horse. As we did this they began firing and charged us. My horse and the captain's mare stood with their heads near together. As I sprang into my saddle and wheeled my horse, the captain was standing in his stirrup, with his right leg nearly in the saddle. Rhinehart and I ran together, and we had gone about one hundred yards when the captain's mare dashed by us. I was satisfied then that he was shot. Will and Jim Buchanan were shot before mounting. They ran at Jim to shoot him while he was trying to bridle his mule, and he fought one of them with his bridle for fifty yards before he could shoot him.

"I have heard that I was censured as being the cause of their death by taking that horse. It is possible we could have gotten away without their making such an effort to find us, if I had not taken the horse. It was the suggestion of the captain that we get the officers' horses to mount his brothers, William and Jim Buchanan, and we were only prevented by the guard. I did not offer to go for the major's horse till the captain cheerfully gave his consent. I also heard at that time that the negroes had reported to the Federals that we were there and put them on our trail. Maj. Wright's orders to the troop of Federals sent after us were to take no prisoners, as I have learned since.

"I was in Capt. Buchanan's classes in college, was in his infantry company till captured, again was one of the first to join this cavalry company, was in his mess from that day till he was killed, and I never saw a more perfect Christian gentleman. With my intimate and varied association with him I never heard him utter a word that could not have been spoken in the presence of a lady. He was as brave as the bravest, very cool, and never got rattled in a fight. He was a model officer and soldier, and was respected by all of his men. I never saw but one soldier refuse to do anything he told him. In his cool, quiet way he convinced that fellow that he had better do it, and do it quick. He was so modest and unassuming; it was only those who were intimate with him that knew his real worth and merit."

The brutality of the Federals after these men were killed is beyond precedent. In a letter from Mrs. ___ to Comrade Wilson, author of the foregoing, she states:

"In regard to the death of the Buchanan brothers I will tell you what I remember of the circumstances. It is painful to me; even at this day, to recall that scene. Mrs. Buchanan requested some of us to go and care for the

bodies and keep the hogs from getting to them. Mrs.____, of Little Rock, and I volunteered to go for her sake. We had gone about halfway to our old home place—about a mile—when we heard the scouts coming in with the bodies, and we waited for them to come up. The bodies were stripped of all clothing save the undergarments. We asked the captain to take them down to their mother. He would not consent, but said he wanted us to go down with them to Boonsboro. We got into the ambulance with the dead boys lying in the back part, so powder-burned and blood-stained that we could not recognize them. They drove at full speed all the way, yelling and shouting: 'Hurrah for Capt. Buchanan!'

"After arriving at Boonsboro ____ and I went to a residence until they had washed the faces of the dead boys, then we recognized each one. They were shot in the face and head, but no other violence that I remember, except that Capt. Buchanan was stabbed in the side three or four times. The Federals then took them back up home to their mother. Two of the old citizens went with us in a separate hack.

"They were dressed in their graduating suits, which Mrs. Braden got from their hiding places in the attic. As far as I know, everything was conducted in order at the burial. I did not go. . . Never can I forget that moonlight ride with those dear boys thrown in like butchered swine, and the yells of those negroes and Indians!"

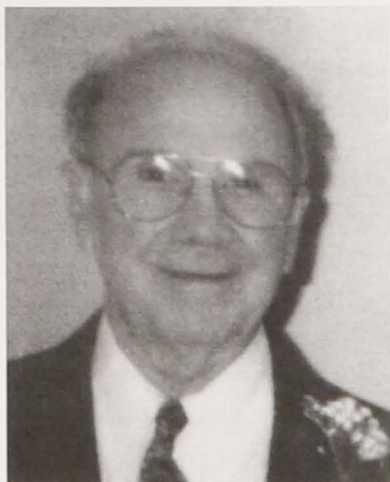
The other lady who accompanied them on that sad mission recalls the awful event, and writes of it minutely, even quoting the words of participants. She mentions, for instance, that while an Indian, Redbird, was looking at Jimmie he said: "That was one brave man. I hate to kill him; but I have to, as he kill me." ❖

WALLIE INGALLS, R. I. P.

by Grace Thorp and Keith Newhouse

Always true friends of the Washington County Historical Society, Wallie and Mary for many years helped WCHS with fund-raising and putting on Ice Cream Socials. Mary died some years ago, but Wallie checked out on January 7, 1998. Both are interred in the Ingalls crypt at Fairview Cemetery in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Walter "Wallie" Benjamin Ingalls was born of Walter Benjamin Ingalls (Vermont) and Nina Bullock Ingalls (Massachusetts). His mother was a concert pianist, employed in Boston radio. She directed Wallie's music education from age 4, selecting the violin as his instrument.



Walter "Wallie" Benjamin Ingalls

Wallie was born July 8, 1917 in Seneca Falls, New York, where he grew up. He graduated from Glens Falls High School and went on to Carnegie Tech (now Carnegie Mellon University) in 1935. He played varsity football as fullback and halfback in the Sugar Bowl (Jan. 1, 1939) at New Orleans against Texas Christian University (who won).

Ingalls graduated in 1941 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in music education. He received his master's degree in 1954 at the University of Arkansas. He began his career as head coach of Wellsville High School in Wellsville, Ohio 1941-45. During WWII he taught physical education to Air Corps cadets at Geneva College,

Beaver Falls, Ohio 1945-46, then returned as head coach in the Wellsville school system. He became choir director of Wellsville's Presbyterian church.

Wallie came to Fayetteville in 1949 and was immediately hired by KJRH (later KHOG) radio station as sports announcer and program director. He was a young announcer for them when U of A athletic director John Barnhill decided to form a radio network. During the 1940s, Arkansas football fans had had to listen to Texans with the Humble (Oil) network announcing all Southwest Conference games. Wallie started the U of A sports network in 1950 which expanded to 98 stations. He concluded each broadcast with "Win, lose or draw—stick with your local team and let's be sports about it."

Ingalls was the "Voice of the Razorbacks" for eight years, until 1958, when Frank Broyles asked him to step down. Following that, Wallie announced games for thousands of fans at the stadiums. For more than a decade he gave play-by-play coverage for the University's football and basketball games, and also for Fayetteville High's games.

He especially enjoyed covering games at Razorback Stadium in Fayetteville, claiming he got excellent seats, was paid for his work, and had one of the few dry seats when it rained.

His beloved wife, Mary Lewis Ingalls, born July 29, 1918 and died January 17, 1992, helped him keep statistics. She was the first woman to watch a game from the press boxes at Razorback and War Memorial stadiums. These special privileges were ordered by Barnhill. The couple met while attending the same college in Pittsburgh and were married more than 50 years.

Health problems instigated the move to Arkansas. This happened in 1949 after Wallie had taught music and coached in colleges and schools in Ohio. His doctor

thought Fayetteville's climate would ease his asthmatic condition. During an interview in 1977 he remarked, "I never felt so good."

For a time he was employed by Harvey Jones Truck Lines as traffic manager and company pilot. His duties called for him to fly light planes all over Arkansas. (His name is inscribed on the walkway of the Harvey and Bernice Jones Family Center.) He joined the University of Arkansas as assistant registrar in 1960 and retired in 1979.

Never one to remain inactive, he served with distinction as a greeter at Wal-Mart and became involved in Meals on Wheels and as a Washington Regional Medical Center volunteer. Even after a late life heart attack, Wallie remained on the go, walked on the university track and campus grounds, still maintaining an active social life.

One of his most pleasurable accomplishments was helping to form the Ragtime Perfessors and playing his violin, sometimes directing and arranging engagements. What pictures appear here were taken at performances with this group. Many times Wallie acted as master of ceremonies during this band's appearances at Ice Cream Socials. He was also a great help in setting up for the evening's doings. According to Bob Hay, its official his-



Wallie ready to perform



RAGTIME PERFESSORS, first row: Wallie Ingalls, master of ceremonies and violin; Martin Peacock, accordion; Jack Tuck, trumpet; Del Allie, piano; Don Gilbrech, banjo; and Bob Hay, upright bass fiddle. Back row: Bill House, keyboard; John McCain, autoharp; Ron Woodruff, saxophone; and Bill Webb, banjo. Not pictured: Bob Reilly, saxophone; Jim Jernigan, saxophone; Jack Woody, guitar; Pappy Walters, trombone; and Bill Compton, drums. This picture was taken in 1995 at Mt. Sequoyah.

torian, both the band and he gave their services to WCHS. This is still the way the Perfessors do for hospitals, churches, civic organizations all over northwest Arkansas. A marvelous group! And a continuing tribute to our beloved Wallie. ❖

We apologize for the late mailing of this issue of *Flashback*. The editor elected for the year, Rick Buckelew, had to resign for health reasons in late April. I am again editing this quarterly publication and appreciate all the help from contributing writers. Some of the regulars have included David Malone, Keith Newhouse, Dwain & Betty Skelton, Lloyd Warren, Forrest Poorman, Bob Keen, and Vicki Rounsavall. *All readers*, please submit more stories!

Don E. Schaefer, *editor* ❖

Betty Lighton

1997 Washington County Citizen of the Year

The Washington County Historical Society named Betty Lighton as the 1997 Distinguished Citizen of Washington County Oct. 19, 1997, at the annual luncheon. Betty Lighton has served the Northwest Arkansas community in a variety of volunteer activities, including the United Way, the Area Agency on Aging, Ozark Guidance Center, and the Juvenile Court System. She served as the first Juvenile Court volunteer probation officer and started United Community Services, as well as playing an instrumental part in establishing the Ozark Guidance Center—even serving as the center's first volunteer director. She has also been a major contributor to causes like the Washington County Historical Society, for which she served as the first Ice Cream Social chairman 28 years ago.



Betty Lighton

The following is Betty Lighton's biography—in her own words. It first appeared in the Oct. 12, 1997 edition of the *Northwest Arkansas Times*.

by Betty Lighton

The Lighton family moved to Fayetteville from Omaha, Neb., in 1908. The Lightons were my father, William Rheem; my mother, Laura McMahan; my oldest sister, Dorothy Rheem; my brother, Louis "Bud" Duryee

and my second sister, Suzanne (or Peg or Susie) Chalfant. Dorothy was 16 years old, Bud was 13, and Susie was 2. I was born four years later—so I'm the only “native” of Arkansas.

Dad had a successful career as a newspaper correspondent, had several books published and had written for several magazines. I don't know what first brought Mother and Dad to Fayetteville, but I remember Mother saying they had a room upstairs in the old Washington Hotel, and could look south over the valley to the mountains and they thought it was beautiful.

I do not know why Dad was interested in organic farming, but for whatever reason, they bought a farm east of town—160 acres—and named it Happy Hollow Farm.

Dad was convinced that by putting natural nutrients back into the soil, poor, worn-out Arkansas farms could be made productive, and that he did. He worked closely with the University of Arkansas and his success, as well as some trials and tribulations, are described in his book *Happy Hollow Farm*.

I remember Mother saying that Dad started writing about the farm after his publisher—I can't recall his name—visited them. After listening to dad talk, the gentleman said, “Well, why don't you write about your experiences here? It would make for good reading.”

So Dad wrote about Happy Hollow. His articles were published in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Country Gentleman*, and there were many other pamphlets and articles. He worked with the Arkansas Chamber of Commerce and the Frisco Railroad and probably others that I just don't recall.

His writing coincided with a national “Back to the Land” movement, and it brought many people to Fayetteville. Mother said real estate agents had their horses and buggies at the railroad station to greet people who came

in on trains. Many of these people showed up at Happy Hollow. There was one family that pitched a tent and camped in our front lawn.

Happy Hollow was known for its generous and gracious hospitality. A good many noted people visited Fayetteville, including artists brought here by Henry Tovey, who was head of the UA music department. They were all entertained at Happy Hollow.

Dad had planned to go abroad and study and consult with people in various countries about their farming methods. The war (World War I) put an end to that plan. Also, as Mother said, people lost interest in all but war stories, so Dad's writing was not in as great demand. I don't remember much about the war years. Bud joined the Air Force—at the time called the Army Air Corps. I remember that Mother was a volunteer nurse during the flu epidemic when the campus was quarantined, and Old Main was turned into an infirmary.

Dad's *Billy Fortune* book was published in 1916 and these stories became popular. He was offered an opportunity to make the stories into movies after the war. I think in 1919, he and Bud went to Hollywood. Will Rogers starred in Dad's first movie, *Water, Water Everywhere*—a silent movie, of course.

The rest of the family moved to California and we lived in Los Angeles for two years. During that time Mother came back to Fayetteville and sold Happy Hollow Farm to the Methodist Assembly. Dad was not successful or happy in the movie business, so it was decided we would return to Fayetteville and Dad could get on with his writing.

Mother bought 30 acres in the valley just south of Happy Hollow, and started having a home built. Actually, she had a garage built first, with a stable on one side for the old white mule, Jack, that had been with us at Happy

Hollow. Dorothy and Susie and I returned in the summer of 1922, and we lived in the garage while the house was being finished. Dad did not get back—he died in California January 1923.

Mother was left with the responsibility of making a home and planning for Susie's and my education. She and Dorothy decided to open a tea room in our home, and named it the Green Tree Inn. We all worked—Mother was hostess, was in charge of purchases and was sort of a general manager. Dorothy did the cooking and Susie and I waited tables. It was a successful venture, but seasonal. Mother knew she would have to do something to bring in a year-round income.

In 1926 she built an apartment house on Ida Avenue, now at the extension of Lafayette between Gregg Street and Arkansas Avenue. She brought the name, Green Tree Inn, to the apartments. This too was a successful venture and provided a home for the family and my college education through the depression years. She sold the apartment house in 1942 and enjoyed a few years of leisure before she passed away in 1948.

Dorothy married Sidney Benton in 1929 and they raised two children. Bud stayed in Hollywood and became the producer of many movies—some of the classics and award winning ones. Susie graduated from the UA and, in 1925, studied law in the office of Judge Lee Seamster. She passed the Arkansas Bar Exam and practiced law in Fayetteville for many years, along with doing much community service.

I graduated from Texas Women's University in 1934 and later received a master's degree in social work from the University of Tennessee. I returned to Fayetteville in 1964.

I am the last of these Lightons. I am glad I belonged to them. ♦

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